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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

# VOICE



**The Clown Cried**



# The Clown Cried

Jeff Brodsky, Phoenix, Arizona



**H**ammering my fist on the table, I shouted, "It's against the law to say prayers in school. If this PTA has a minister pray at the Christmas program I'll sue for every cent I can get."

This was not my first or last tirade against Christians. When anyone witnessed to me about Jesus I would roll my eyes heavenward, spew vulgar language, then wait for the heavens to fall.

"If your God is real, how come He didn't strike me dead?" I would challenge.

"Because He loves you," was always the answer.

My hatred of God dated back to the cancer death of my eighteen-year-old brother. Our family was Jewish by race, but not by faith. Consequently, we had nowhere to turn for strength. Stephen's tragic death did draw my parents, my remaining brother and my two sisters closer together, but inwardly it tore me apart. He had been the good one, while I was the street kid, messing with drugs. I'm the one who deserved to die, not Stephen. God was unfair. I hated Him, then denied Him.

A year later, in 1971, I joined the Air Force, was sent to Korea and hated it. As the only Jew on the base I shared a mutual dislike with the other seven hundred men. Nine months after entering the service I received a medical discharge.

Back in New York, I job-hopped through a series of sales positions. I could never stay with a job more than a year. As soon as the challenge of a new opportunity was gone, so was I. Something was missing, but I didn't know what.

During that time Gail and I were married. In February of 1976 we moved to

Arizona to secure a better life for our son Brent and our unborn child.

The pet shop we started wasn't all that successful, so after a year I enrolled in a real-estate school. A broker visiting the school to hire potential salesmen invited me to lunch, picked me up in a new Corvette and took me to his impressive home. The next day we went to lunch again, this time in his Lincoln Continental. *Man*, I thought, *this guy knows how to live*.

Had I dreamed that he was a born-again Christian there is no way I would have accepted his offer.

It was about this time that I defied the PTA on the school prayer issue. Right after that, as a member of a school committee, I had to meet with a pastor to resolve a conflict. That year he served as president of the Kiwanis Club.

Instead of the conflict for which I was armed, this man was so filled with love that the problem was handled easily. Upon my leaving, he asked, "Where do you go to church?" I let him know in no uncertain terms that I was an atheist and that I thought church was a waste of time.

God must have been answering the prayers of all those witnessing Christians whom I had insulted and who had responded with a promise to pray for me. Questions plagued me. If I didn't believe in God, how could I hate Him? Why did I condemn Jesus when I didn't know anything about Him? I was bothered, too, by the eerie feeling that I was being followed—as if someone were chasing me. All of a sudden, everywhere I turned it seemed that a Christian would pop up. It

was as if God were after me.

I needed answers. The safest man to ask, I reasoned, was the president of Kiwanis who had been so loving and non-threatening. I invited him to my home. The visit ended with my promise to attend church the next Sunday.

Sunday came. I didn't want to go. Instead I called some of my friends and went mountain hiking. On the descent I tripped and severely injured my ankle. I had to be carried down the mountain and I still bear the scars.

*God tripped me*, I thought, reasoning, *If I had gone to church I wouldn't have been hurt.*

The doctor at the hospital said that I wouldn't be able to put pressure on the leg for six to eight weeks. Because I was new at the job there was nothing profitable that I could do at the real-estate office. Still, for some unexplainable reason I drove the twenty-five miles there, using my left foot since it was too painful to place my right one on the accelerator. Arriving at my office, I found a brand-new Bible on my desk. My boss' brother, whose office was next to mine, and who was a virtual combination of St. Peter and St. Paul, had purchased it.

Back home with the bedroom door closed, I opened my new Bible for the first time. The chapter subhead, "Jesus Healed the Lame Man," leaped out at me. I read the story and heard an inner voice say, "Try it."

"Ridiculous," I argued.

"Try standing on it," came from within. Christians witnessing to me had claimed Jesus was the same yesterday, today and forever. . . . The inner urging continued.

I moved to the edge of the bed and stood first on both feet, then on the injured leg alone. I couldn't believe it. I shouted for my wife to come see me standing there. Yet in spite of this miracle I didn't believe in Jesus as Lord.

The next Sunday, for the first time in my life, I was in a church. Specifically, I was in the back pew near the door.

Through the next couple of weeks I continued to read my Bible, especially the Old Testament prophecies in Isaiah that pointed to the coming Messiah.

Then on a Wednesday night at the church, I saw the Billy Graham film, *Time To Run*, the story of a sixteen-year-old that mirrors my own life. When the invitation was given I went forward. There was no great emotional experience, but the void within was no longer there. The change within me was so real that when I came out of the pastor's study later my wife exclaimed that my countenance was beaming.

Two weeks later she accepted Jesus.

You have heard or read testimonies that sound as if all a person's troubles vanished when he received Christ. Not so with us. Severe testing followed.

My income from real-estate sales was

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based on commissions—no sales, no money. Within weeks we were reduced to thirty-five pennies and were without food. Although I was not a hunter, I borrowed a friend's rifle and went to the hills. It was there that my first prayer was answered.

I prayed, "God, I read in Your word the other day that You would provide for us abundantly, above all that we could ask or think. All I want is food for my family tonight."

Just then a rabbit crossed the path and I got it, and another later.

We never had to eat those rabbits. While my wife was at the sink cleaning them I went to the postoffice. I wept as I went, feeling like such a failure as husband and father, as provider for my family.

In our mail there was a seventy-six-dollar check, mailed months before to pay a state tax. It was being returned because it was fifty cents short. In His own timing God had provided.

Our financial situation demanded that I get a salaried job, so I went to the office to resign. Before I could do so, my boss said, "Jeff, I'm aware of your situation and I've arranged an interview for you with Suggs Homes." It was one of the largest homebuilding companies in the area. A long list of men were waiting for the opportunity, yet I was hired, paid twice the amount I asked for, and made office manager within six months with an override on all the sales.

I made more money that year than I had ever hoped for, and it looked as if the second year my income would double again. However, my zealous witnessing,

a disagreement on a matter of principle, and my inclination toward job-hopping terminated that relationship. Four more jobs followed in the next three years. I was still searching.

I knew Jesus was the Messiah and I loved Him with all my heart. I knew my life was His, but I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing with my life.

*This is ridiculous*, I concluded. *I've got to find my place in life and stick with it.* My wife and I sat at the kitchen table and I began to list what I would like most to do with the rest of my life.

Number 1: More than anything else I enjoy sharing my faith in Christ. Number 2: Besides being with my wife and children, I like being a clown. I was a clown once when I was sixteen and loved making people happy.

That was it! Why not be a clown for Christ? First Corinthians 4 says, "We are fools for Christ's sake." Clowns were originally called fools. I prayed about it, developed the character, and Snuggles the Love Clown was born.

In my enthusiasm I started my own little ministry called Fun in Faith Ministries. My purpose, to show Christians how to have a good time in their faith, was all right, but the project was a disaster. A year later we were penniless again, but I still had peace. I was confident that Christ wanted me to be a clown. I believe that God had permitted me to fail so that He could show me how to succeed for Him.

Just as I was going out to look for a secular job, the Food for the Hungry organization offered me a public relations position in 1981 as a fundraising



clown. God used that organization to teach me the right way to start a ministry. My first trip abroad for them was to Thailand, India and Bangladesh. The squalor, poverty and starvation were unbelievable.

One experience in Bangladesh changed my life. Clowning through the muddy streets of Dhaka, where an average of 350 Telegu people are crowded on one

acre of land, I was devastated by the gaunt faces, emaciated bodies and hovels that were their homes.

Our guide mentioned, "A Christian family lives over there." I couldn't believe that any Christians lived like this.

"May I visit them?" I asked.

"They would be honored," he assured me.

Inside their ten-by-ten cubicle lived a



man and wife and seven children. A tattered picture of Jesus hung on the cardboard wall. They seated me in the only chair and, as the father slapped the rhythm on a bongo drum, the children sang. I recognized the tune: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." A mist filled the room and I sensed the strong presence of God in that place.

When it was time to leave, the children bowed in what is called a "wei." I hugged the father, then the mother knelt before me. This thin lady in rags loosed her hair and let it fall to the ground. Like the woman in the New Testament who washed Jesus' feet with her tears and dried them with her hair, she humbly cleaned my muddy clown shoes with her hair.

Snuggles the Love Clown had come halfway around the world to serve them, but now the greatest Christians, the most Christlike people I had ever met, were serving me. It overwhelmed me. I couldn't handle it. I wept so uncontrollably that those who were with me wanted to return to the hotel.

Instead, I insisted that they take me to the Dhaka Shishu Children's Hospital, where I performed in all the wards, entertaining the little patients. Screams coming from behind a closed door begged my attention. I pleaded with the administrator, Dr. Akbar, to be allowed to go in. He protested that it was hopeless, but finally permitted it. There I saw a little boy covered to his neck with a blanket.

Nothing I did—dancing, magic tricks, falling down, rubbing noses—helped. He just kept screaming, oblivious to me. I



pulled back the blanket and saw the skin and bones of a totally emaciated body.

I couldn't help that dying boy, but then and there I made a promise to him and to God that I would do everything I could to tell people about the poor and the needy. I would be that boy's voice.

That's what prompted me to ride my bicycle as Snuggles from California's Disneyland to the United Nations Building in New York, a distance of 3,500 miles. It was the first project of my newly-founded ministry, Joy International, and the purpose was to raise money for the children's hospital in Bangladesh.

*(continued, page 34)*

Norb Workinger, Fort Wayne, Indiana

# Take away the PAIN



**T**he phone call that tore me away from my favorite TV show a few weeks before Christmas of 1981 shocked me into panic. I tried to grasp what my ex-wife Kathy, at the other end of the line, was telling me, but the details pouring from the receiver seemed incredible.

Our youngest daughter Sherri, who lived in nearby New Haven, had been in a serious auto accident about ninety minutes earlier.

My mind screamed, "It can't be—not Sherri!"

Not our nineteen-year-old who had become a Christian three years ago, who had been set free from drugs and alco-

hol. Not Sherri, bride of less than a month.

But it was true. Just outside of Fort Wayne, about ten miles from where I lived, she had turned her sub-compact in front of a station wagon and was hit broadside. The impact had crushed her Pinto so badly that it took an hour to cut her from the mangled steel trap. Paramedics at the scene diagnosed her as having massive head and internal injuries, two broken legs, and possibly a broken back.

While I struggled to comprehend, my mind raced simultaneously back to something I had prayed the year before.

After forty-five years of living as a



worldly, ambitious sinner who thought he was "going somewhere," with my health on a down curve caused by my relentless drive to succeed, and my marriage and family relationships severed, I had finally hit rock-bottom.

My wife and I had attended church for about eighteen years, but we didn't know the reality of Jesus Christ in our lives. We finally agreed that she would file for divorce.

On July 23, 1980, the day the divorce papers were served on me, I sat there at my dad's house, where I had been living since our separation, and started to cry. It hit me suddenly that I didn't have all the answers for living, after all. I went to talk to Kathy, but after I arrived all I could do was sob uncontrollably. Unable to stop, I finally bolted out the door without a word.

Driving down the highway, I had no idea how fast I was going or how far I had gone. The pain was so unbearable throughout my entire body that I thought I was having a heart attack. I didn't care if I lived or died, but I couldn't stand the pain anymore. Finally I cried out, "God, please take away the pain!"

The amazing thing was that He did, right at that moment. That's all I said, but He knew my heart's cry and what it meant in my life. I felt as clean as if I had been scrubbed with lye soap and a stiff brush.

But that's not all. Surging through me was this overwhelming love, not just love for people, but love for *all* people, and an incredible yearning to help them. I still have it to this day.

I went to my pastor and told him about my experience. He affirmed to me that indeed God had met me. However, in spite of my new relationship with Jesus, Kathy and I failed to reconcile and our divorce became final two months before Sherri's accident.

As a brand-new Christian, I had a lot to learn. The first thing was an amazing change in my entire attitude toward work, life and personal relationships. Then I discovered that the occasional headaches and intense colonic pain I had would disappear whenever I prayed. I knew that it was the Lord who was healing me.

In my excitement and fervor as a new child of His, I found myself praying for several months, "Lord, I'd like to tell people about You. People could say my healing is just mind over matter. I'd love to see someone—someone I know—healed in a way that is not disputable, like a friend getting out of a wheelchair, or having a limb straighten or grow. Heal someone I know, Lord, and I'll give You all the glory!"

I didn't stop to consider His will as I prayed, but He *is* in the healing business, and He does answer prayer. I just wanted to rejoice and delight in His mighty works and tell about Him. He was going to permit that opportunity—but not in the way I would have chosen.

Now, choking back my tears, I dressed hurriedly and phoned a church friend to start a prayer chain for Sherri. Thinking back over my repeated prayer, a dozen questions must have milled through my head. But in the midst of it all

I felt certain of one thing. God had not caused Sherri's accident.

I was able to keep my composure fairly well until I reached the emergency room, but the dam broke when I saw Sherri lying there in a coma, completely still, her face cut by flying glass, her head shaved. In a heap on the floor were her blood-stained clothes that would never be worn again.

I choked out something to her. Her lips quivered ever so slightly, but no sound came. Half-open eyelids showed her pupils rolled back into her head.

## **My anguish was indescribable as I stood there helplessly**

A nurse bustled up. "You're her father? We're taking her into X Ray immediately. . . ." My anguish was indescribable as I stood there helplessly watching them prepare to move her.

Then something happened that I had never experienced before. Like a soft cloud, an overpowering peace settled down over me, and almost immediately my weeping stopped.

Sherri was wheeled away and I returned to the waiting room. Her husband Byron and his parents were there, along with Kathy and our oldest daughter Alana, all anxiously waiting to hear the report. But they were totally unprepared for what I said next. Perhaps I myself was, too.

"She's going to be fine," I announced

confidently. "Things aren't like they look."

They all stared back in disbelief, as if I'd just lost my mind. Quietly I repeated my statement. They were still doubtful when I told them about the peace of God that had enveloped me there by the emergency table. But little by little, as they saw my peaceful manner and joyful attitude, their own anxiety seemed to diminish.

Sherri was in X Ray and Brain Scan for more than an hour, and still in a coma when they brought her back to Emergency. But the results of the tests were startling:

Her brain was swollen, but not damaged. Neither leg was broken, although her right knee was double its normal size. Her back was only bruised. There were no internal injuries. Praise the Lord!

It was 2:00 A.M. by the time she was situated in intensive care. There was no change in her coma when I left. When I came back at 7:00 A.M. the nurse had a grim report. Because of the pressure on her brain, the coma would last at least five days—and it could last three months.

The Lord had other plans.

By eleven-thirty that morning our daughter was awake and chattering with us like a chipmunk. I asked her nurse, who had told me earlier that morning that she had seen many cases like this, "How do you explain Sherri coming out of her coma so quickly?"

"I can't," she said.

Sherri and I both could.

The very next day Sherri's right knee



had gone back to normal size and her facial cuts had completely disappeared. In fact, she progressed so rapidly that if a bed had been available she would have been moved from intensive care the third day.

Exactly one week after the accident, Sherri went home from the hospital. The very next evening she went to a company Christmas party. Two months later, completely healed, she was back at her fulltime job.

Neither God nor my prayer brought about the accident. But Christians may always expect the Lord to bring something good out of the worst circumstances. I believe that the Lord, who knows all things, knew the accident that was coming and used my prayer to keep my attention focused on watching Him work.

He encouraged me and built my faith by allowing me to see a healing firsthand, just as I desired, and by drawing Sherri and her husband very close through this experience.

Then, too, He chastened me as I remembered how flippantly I had prayed my zealous, baby-Christian prayer. But in the process God also interested me in understanding more about the power of prayer, and made me sensitive to the need for His wisdom and guidance. I don't have all the answers about prayer, healing or the way God works—the Bible tells us that His ways are beyond ours. But I've come to realize that I am to pray in partnership with God, not doing a solo act.

He even enabled me to be faithful in giving Him all the glory as I had promised

to do. It wasn't an easy test, but a very valuable one.

The most wonderful result was that I have discovered in an even deeper way what a loving God He is. He will be with us as we go through "deep waters" and He will give us "grace to help in time of need." That grace includes actual peace and joy, and the ability to share these with people around us who need the Comforter. □



*Norb Workinger, whose daughter is pictured above, was in accounting at Bowmar Instrument Corporation for ten years, then in the professional employment field for thirteen years. Since 1981 he has been in data management for the Magnavox Corporation. In 1982 he initiated a ministry to mid-life Christian singles in the Fort Wayne area, and has recently launched a company called Creative Ideas for Christ. He remarried in 1983 and he and his wife Ronnie attend Praise, Faith & Deliverance Fellowship. Mr. Workinger is a member of the Fort Wayne Chapter, FGBMFI.*

## THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND



*Miner Arganbright (1887-1984)*

by Demos Shakarian  
Founder/President, FGBMFI

**H**undreds of thousands of people who have read my book, *The Happiest People on Earth*, or who have heard me relate the Fellowship's struggle for survival during its infancy will remember the name Miner Arganbright. They will probably remember him as the man who after a year of frustration said to me, "Demos, I think the whole idea of the Fellowship is a dud. Frankly, I wouldn't give you a nickel for the whole outfit."

Miner was a realist, a businessman accustomed to analyzing facts and expecting progress. He began his own business in Detroit, Michigan in 1917,

building chimneys, then moved to Los Angeles and, with the help of his son Del and his son-in-law Fred Friedemeyer, saw M. Arganbright and Sons become one of the largest masonry construction companies in the area. Tall buildings in the city stand as a monument to that growth.

He wanted to see similar growth for the Fellowship and it wasn't happening.

Miner Arganbright went home to be with the Lord March 4, 1984, at the age of ninety-six. I should like him to be remembered, not as the man who wouldn't give a nickel for the Fellowship, but as the man who changed his mind.

You may recall that the same night that God gave me a vision that transfused the Fellowship, He told Miner to write a \$1,000 check. Miner was a man who listened to God. God had changed his mind.

In delivering the eulogy at my dear friend's memorial service, I recalled that Miner was the first man I enlisted when I started the organization. He continued to be a faithful and generous supporter all his days. He, with his wife Anna, was at the International office less than a couple of months before his homegoing.

In addition to his involvement in the Fellowship, he responded wherever he heard a call from God to serve in the vineyard. It could be a call to provide the masonry work for a new church building or to provide groceries week after week for a widow and her children. He was small in stature, but truly a great, giving giant of a man. □



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**1984 FGBMFI WORLD  
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Jesus said: "The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest therefore to send out workers into his harvest field" (Luke 10:2, NIV).



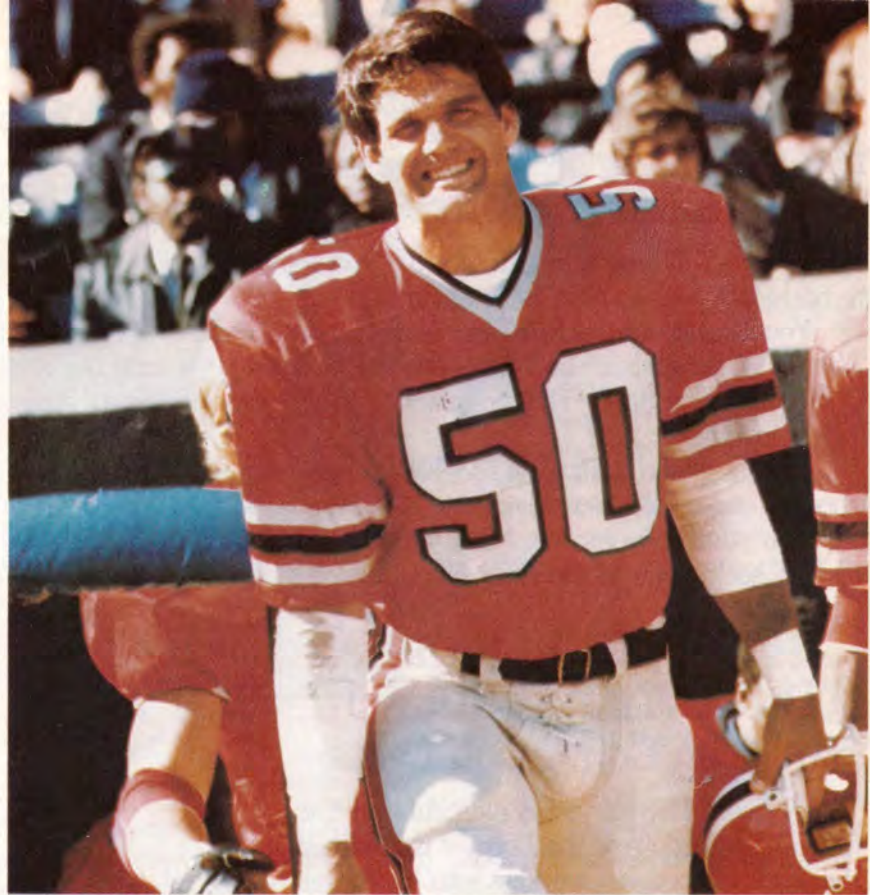
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**MORE VOICE IN '84**

Two years ago *Voice* was increased in size by 25 percent. In November, 1983 the press run was increased to one million copies. And there's more in '84.

This year, in accordance with a vote by the Board of International Directors, instead of a combined July/August issue you will receive twelve issues each year.

You need do nothing to receive your August copy of *Voice*. Your renewal fee will be adjusted to conform with the number of issues for which you have paid. The renewal subscription price will be only \$4.35, reflecting the cost of the additional magazine coming to your home.



Greg Brezina, Fayetteville, Georgia

## THE FOURTH DOWN

**A**s far back as I can remember, scoring touchdowns and later preventing them have been high among the most important aspects of my life. Having spent twenty-two years in football, including twelve with the Atlanta Falcons of the NFL, I have had many first downs in my career. Two of

them were playing in the Pro Bowl in 1970 and being voted Most Valuable Player by my teammates in 1978. However, it took a fourth-down situation in 1971 to lead me into the greatest experience of my life.

The road that led to that experience began in Louise, Texas, my hometown.



Throughout my youth I played football and, being a religious person, attended church every Sunday.

Upon graduation from high school, I received a football scholarship to the University of Houston. With Bob, Gus and Bernie, my three older brothers, playing football there, it wasn't difficult for me. It seemed to be something I was supposed to do, just as my younger brothers Mark and Steve have done after me.

At the schools I attended I was heavily influenced by the humanistic philosophy that man's destiny is determined by his own will. I believed that if I gained an education in order to have a money-making job I could make my own happiness. I began to set goals. Each time I achieved one of them I felt good. But I found that the satisfaction that came from reaching a goal was very quickly dissipated.

One goal was to get a college degree, which I did. The gathering of wealth started when I began playing professional football. However, education and the accumulation of material things didn't satisfy. Something was missing.

I thought fulfillment could be found in a marital relationship and in children, in giving them a better life than I had. I met Connie, a beautiful brunette, at a University of Houston pep rally. Two years later we were married.

The first three months of our marriage were great. Then we began to get irritated with each other. First we teased each other about our faults. That led to unkind words and, finally, to arguments and hurt feelings.

Those things I thought would make me happy didn't. To suppress my growing frustration, I started drinking quite heavily. After two and a half years Connie threatened to leave me if I didn't straighten out my life.

Several weeks later, October 17, 1971, the Falcons were on the West Coast to play the Los Angeles Rams. A teammate who knew about my problems asked me to attend chapel to hear a weightlifter speak. (All twenty-eight NFL teams have chapel before their Sunday games.)

I agreed to go, maybe out of not knowing what to do about my life, or maybe out of wanting God to bless my playing on the field.

The chapel speaker talked about four things that morning. Three of them I had heard about while growing up. The fourth I had not heard.

The first was that God loved me and had a wonderful plan for my life. I thought to myself, "If there *is* a God out there, maybe!" Next, he explained that the reason I wasn't experiencing the abundant life and didn't know God's plan for me was that I was sinful and separated from God.

Then he quoted Romans 3:23 and told us that Jesus Christ is God; that He died on the cross for our sins, and rose from the dead so that we could have an abundant life (John 10:10).

The fourth point—the one I had not heard before—was a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. He shared about Christ living in his heart, about walking with Jesus day by day, and talking with Him in prayer. He shared that to become a Christian you must repent (sincerely be grieved within your heart that you have

sinned against God), and believe in Christ (trust that His death on the cross is sufficient payment for your sins; Acts 20:21).

I had been a member of a church for twenty-five years, had an intellectual knowledge of God and believed I was a Christian. Yet I did not understand how one could have a personal relationship with God. I had never trusted Christ for the forgiveness of my sins.

I went up to the speaker afterward and

He told me, "Doing all those things doesn't make you a Christian." Then quite abruptly he asked, "Would you like to ask Christ to come into your life and forgive your sins?"

I was embarrassed, and not about to admit I was a sinner. Excusing myself from the conversation, I walked over to the elevator. On the way up to my room I thought how I used to dream of playing pro football and how happy I would be, yet I was absolutely miserable.



said, "Hey, great talk!"

He asked me, "Are you a Christian?"

I told him, "Of course I am."

He asked, "How long have you been a Christian?"

I said, "All my life—go back to Louise, Texas and check the church roll. My name will be there. I was baptized there and my parents and grandparents all went to the same church."

I got to my room and lay on the bed, sensing an overpowering weariness with playing the game. Not football; the game of life.

At that point I said what was in my heart: "God, if You're out there, if Jesus Christ is who this man says, come into my life and show me that my sins are forgiven." A quiet peace swept over me as I received Christ (John 1:12) into my life.



Growing up, I had read the Bible a couple of times, but it had been dull and dry to me. At college people had said, "The Bible has some myths in it, and men wrote things after the fact as best they could. There are some good principles in it, but it's not absolute truth." On the other hand, the chapel speaker had said that the Bible *is* absolute truth and that it can be completely trusted.

I started rising regularly in the early morning to read the Bible before going to work. It began to meet the inmost needs of my heart. As God drew me to Himself, He made changes in my life. Within a few weeks Connie could see them.

Where there was profanity God has put wholesome talk (Ephesians 4:29). Where there was drinking of alcohol, God put consumption of His word (Ephesians 5:18). Where there was arguing with my wife, God put living in an understanding way (I Peter 3:7). Where there was racial prejudice, God put love for my neighbor (Mark 12:31).

I started carrying my Bible around. I had always been a party-goer, a drinker, a kind of hell-raising type, while she was a teetotaler, Miss Moralistic, always keeping herself together. She began to grow secretly resentful because my life was being changed, but she couldn't say anything critical since I was starting to treat her as a Christian husband should.

Knowing in her heart that I had something she didn't have, Connie repented on her knees one day and believed in Christ. I had always thought she was a Christian, until she told me this.

Today, Connie and I do our best to fit our family with moral lifejackets for

facing these troubled times. We want to help others to do the same. Although I had business offers when I retired from pro football in 1979, we chose to begin a nonprofit ministry to help Christian couples. The Lord has taught us a lot about faith since then.

For instance, we started one month—February—with only \$40 in the bank, and at the end of the month we were still \$300 short. The twenty-seventh of February fell on a Saturday, and that was the last chance for anything to come in the mail. Nothing came. But on Sunday morning a lady at church handed Connie a check for \$200.

Sunday afternoon I had to pick up a man at the airport and take him to his hotel. As I was ready to leave he pulled out a letter with a check in it for \$100. "I knew I was going to see you today, so I thought I'd save the stamp," he smiled. Once again the Lord had supplied everything we needed.

It's been that way every month, except last July. We had set that month aside to study and the finances came in *ahead* of time.

I got so enthusiastic that I found I was working really too hard. In January of 1982 I began to get chest pains, and for several weeks they continued and grew worse. Tests showed two enlarged lymph nodes on my right lung. I was to go to the hospital in five days for a biopsy.

That day I went home and came across Exodus 12:14: "Now this day will be a memorial to you, and you shall celebrate it as a feast to the Lord; throughout your generations you are to celebrate it as a permanent ordinance"(NASB).

I was convicted. I had been going to church Sunday mornings, then to the office in the afternoon to catch up on correspondence. I wasn't saving time for Him. I asked God to forgive me and committed myself to set one day a week aside unto Him for the rest of my life (Isaiah 58:13-14).

As soon as I made that commitment, the pain left my chest and I knew God had healed me. At the hospital they took two more X rays and there was nothing on my lung.

Now don't get me wrong. There's a price to pay in taking a stand for Jesus. Coming out of the Downtown Marriott in Atlanta one night after a team meeting, some of the guys said, "Brezina, let's go get a beer." I said I needed to get home. Their reaction was, "Don't let your wife run your life!" Later on when I got enough courage to start carrying my Bible on trips, they started calling me "Reverend" and a "Bible-packer."

In 1975 when the NFLPA went on strike I resigned from the union because I believed Matthew 6:24, that you can't serve two masters. When I crossed the picket lines some players threatened to slit my throat.

Even today, all of my problems have not disappeared. The difference now is that I expect to solve them through the light of the truth, God's word. I am still tempted to sin—and I do sin. I don't want to; yet when I do I remember I John 1:9: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

My years of football fame have opened many doors for me to witness for Christ. I have asked myself, "If I could

share only one thing with Christians, what would it be?" I am convinced I should say, "In the game of life, as in football, when you realize it is the fourth down don't punt, go for the goal. Stake everything on God and His word."

And to the person who does not yet know Jesus as personal Friend and Saviour, I say, "My life now with Jesus is more exciting and fulfilling than playing in the Pro Bowl."

Even with the ridicule and threats, I can honestly say that of all my experiences in and out of the sports world, the greatest and most fulfilling has been submitting my will to the Lordship of Jesus Christ. □



*Native Texan Greg Brezina has a degree in business from the University of Houston. His twenty-two years of football include twelve as NFL Atlanta Falcons aggressive linebacker. His honors include All American, University of Houston, 1967; Pro Bowl, 1970; MVP, Atlanta Falcons, 1978; and Outstanding Young Men of America award, 1980. Greg and his wife Connie minister to families and couples; Greg is founder of a Christian retreat center, an executive board member for Georgia Fellowship of Christian Athletes, and a member of FGBMF's Fayetteville Chapter. The Brezinas are members of Grace Evangelical Church and have four sons: Bart, Ben, Beau and Brad.*



## FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

March 29, 1984

This morning, March 29, FGBMFI President/Founder Demos Shakarian's condition continues to improve.

His doctors indicate that there is no damage to Mr. Shakarian's intellectual abilities or speech-control centers.

Although the left side of his body has been affected, the extent has not been determined.

Shakarian underwent emergency surgery March 27 to remove an obstruction of his right carotid artery. He had been admitted March 26 with signs of a progressive stroke involving the left side of his body.

His doctors describe the surgery as completely successful and report that Mr. Shakarian is resting comfortably at the present time.

The entire Shakarian family are elated over Demos' progress and confident that he will make a complete recovery. They express their appreciation to the thousands who have lifted Demos and Rose in prayer and request that people continue to pray, believing God to complete the healing process.

Those desiring to send cards to Mr. Shakarian should mail them to FGBMFI World Laymen's Headquarters. The family would appreciate no flowers being sent at this time.

His close friend and associate of twenty-six years, FGBMFI Executive Vice-President Tom Ashcraft, will fulfill Shakarian's duties until he is able to reassume them.

In appreciation of your 12-month pledge to help the ministries of FGBMFI...

# Discover how you can live successfully in troubled times

Now, you can receive the daily spiritual help you need, while at the same time increasing FGBMFI's worldwide outreach.

## **SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP OFFER**

When you become a member of the Full Gospel Prayer Circle, you will join thousands of friends who are committed to sharing the gospel of Jesus Christ not only in America but around the world. Besides that, you'll also receive spiritual help to enrich your own daily walk with the Lord.

Here are the special features of the Full Gospel Prayer Circle membership:

1. You'll join an unbroken prayer chain reaching around the globe. Each Prayer Circle member is committed not only to pray for the needs of the Fellowship but also to pray for other members.
2. You'll commit \$10 a month to the support of FGBMFI.
3. And finally, as a Prayer Circle member



you will receive our *Life Lifters* series.

## **PERSONAL TESTIMONIES & INSPIRATIONAL TOPICS**

Written by Demos Shakarian, this four-volume series will be sent to you quarterly. Each volume contains practical guides to Christian living for laymen.

Packed with keys for success, the real-life stories in these books illustrate the great truths of the Bible. Whether you are a farmer, housewife, business executive, plumber or carpenter, these inspirational messages will encourage you along the path of life and help you live joyfully in troubled times.

As stepping stones to faith, hope and love, they will give you courage for handling life-shattering crises and strength to break through into glorious victory.

So whether you or your loved ones





are seeking answers to prayers or spiritual strength, you will benefit from the treasury of wisdom in *Life Lifters*.

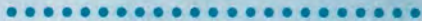
**YOUR MEMBERSHIP IS VITAL TO THE MINISTRY**

Please remember, as a member of the Full Gospel Prayer Circle you will be joining others who through their prayers and regular financial support are providing a strong foundation for Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

And at the same time, you'll benefit from the unlimited spiritual help received from the ministry.

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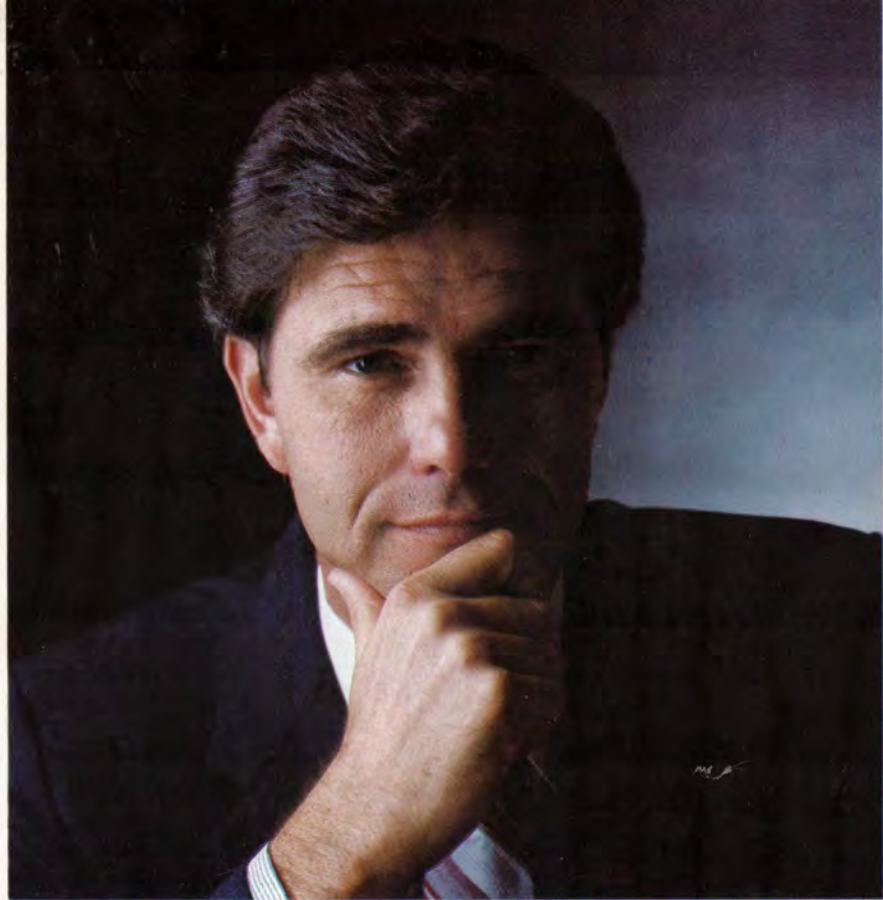
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James Robison, Fort Worth, Texas

**A**ngry young man" is not a welcome description for anyone. It is especially ill-fitting for a Southern Baptist evangelist. Yet "angry" accusations were more deserved than I was ready to admit.

The fury that surfaced was spillage from the boiling ferment within. The anger was unacceptable and uncontrollable.

Pregnant at the age of forty-two and

deserted by my father, my mother was seriously tempted to have an abortion. Instead, after my birth she advertised in a Houston newspaper for someone who could love and care for her baby. Rev. James Hale and his wife answered that ad and raised me until my mother took me back when I was five years old.

In the years that followed until I was fifteen I was embroiled in an almost con-



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# !!! Behind Peace???

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stant atmosphere of conflict. My mother, married and divorced several times, finally remarried my father when I was a teenager. The drunken quarrels were unbearable, so I moved back to the Hales's home.

How I thank God for the Hales. I owe my salvation to their love and faith. The night this tall teenager "walked the aisle," Mrs. Hale, in expectant faith that I would give my heart to Jesus and be baptized, had carried a change of clothes to the church.

That was the beginning of my walk with Jesus. He called me to preach at the age of eighteen and I enrolled in East Texas Baptist College. As my ministry unfolded, doors opened one after another—citywide crusades, a weekly telecast carried by more than 120 stations. I have preached to more than twelve million people and have seen more than one million accept Christ.

In spite of this tremendous success I was miserable and tormented, even to the point of contemplating suicide, with headaches that gripped my brain like a claw, an ulcerated stomach, unhealthy thoughts that gave me no peace, and an irritability with my family that made for a great deal of unhappiness.

Bringing others to the Prince of Peace failed to reward me with inner peace. Instead of the psalmist's "river whose streams shall make glad," my waters continued to roar and be troubled.

My turbulence was calmed in a way that I could not have imagined, nor would I ever have chosen it. My closest friend Dudley Hall, a fellow Baptist minister, and I often talked together about our problems, always coming up short of answers. Then at a convention one night Dudley announced to me, "I am free!"

Though I knew him well I did not know what he meant that night, but the new radiance on his face attested to his claimed deliverance. After the meeting I learned that God had used Milton Green, a carpet cleaner, to effect his release.

At Dudley's insistence, and with some trepidation, I invited this layman to fly to the next convention with me. During the flight, with authority and boldness, he the layman shared the Word with me the preacher.

Back in my hotel room after the meeting, Milton sobbed, "I have been listening to you and praying for you for six years. I feel so sorry for you. I have cast demons out of convicts, murderers, witches, drug addicts and Hell's Angels, but I believe you are the most demonized person I have ever seen. I don't know how you have ever kept your sanity!"

Then he asked if he could pray for me. When he did, his rebuke of Satan was so loud I pled silently, "O God, don't let anybody hear him through these walls." His sense of authority was as great as the volume of his prayer.

When he was through he asked, "Do

you feel like anything's left?" Quite honestly, the only relief I felt was that no one seemed to have heard him and my pride was protected.

However, back home two days later I woke up with Scriptures I don't remember ever learning flowing out of my mouth. With tears streaming down my face I cried to my wife, "Betty, it's gone! The claw in my brain is gone! I have been set free!"

The same Jesus who spoke peace to the stormy sea of Galilee had stilled the

turbulence in me. Now I enjoy love, joy and peace that I had read about in the New Testament hundreds of times, had preached about and seen in others, but had never experienced.

My ministry is the same, yet different. I am still a Southern Baptist evangelist. My stand against sin and evil remains uncompromised. The Lord has commissioned me to call the Church to be healed of its brokenness; to fulfill its ministry of healing and deliverance; and to be free to love and be loved. □



*James and Betty Robison  
with Rhonda, Randy and Robin*





The Reverend James Robison, Southern Baptist evangelist whose testimony you have just read, will be a speaker at the 31st World Convention of FGBMFI at Anaheim, California, July 3 to 7.

The following is a condensation of a message he delivered at the Santa Ana (CA) Chapter of FGBMFI.

## Healing Lifestyle

**T**he desire in your heart for your child to be healthy is a godly characteristic. It would be a terrible insult to accuse any mother and father of wanting their children to live an unhealthy life, even if they were problem children. A terrible injustice has been heaped on our Lord when Christians have indicated that He may in fact want people to suffer, or have inferred that He

has willed disease or sickness to teach them lessons or to correct their ways.

I am convinced that the valley is for learning, not for living. You don't have to live in the valley. You can learn from it and get back on the mountain and stay there. It is one thing to acknowledge that we can learn from suffering and tragedy; it is quite another to accuse God of inflicting us with sorrow and suffering for that purpose.

I believe God wills health and healing. I am sorry that the Church has neglected for so long the importance of praying in believing faith for the sick. God wants all of us to lay hands on the sick and see them recover. It's tragic that we ever had healing lines in the first place. The only reason there are lines is that there are so few people to pray for those in need. If we would all begin to do it there would be no need for a line.

We should have been lining up to pray for the sick instead of lining up to get prayed for.

I praise God that I have seen many people healed, especially in the last eighteen months. I praise Him most of all that we pointed people to the Word, and through the Word they received healing for themselves. Then they have gone to the Word to release it to others. It's beautiful to watch people stand on the Word and then see what God accomplishes.

The question keeps coming back: "Why do we see healing so infrequently? Why does there seem to be no real flow of power?"

One answer is that we often fall into an imitation lifestyle. You won't get faith by sitting around listening to preachers. The Word must take priority over every-

thing else. Let me show you how Satan deceives.

Paul said, "Be imitators of me." The devil perverted that, and so in the New Testament you have Paul's disciples, John's disciples and Peter's disciples. Satan is still doing the same thing today. We have Baptist disciples, Pentecostal disciples, Jimmy Swaggart disciples, Oral Roberts disciples, Jerry Falwell disciples.

God is still looking for Jesus disciples.

If you miss what the Spirit is saying through the Word, and all you hear is the words of Paul saying, "Be imitators of me," then you are going to dress like Paul, walk like Paul, shout like Paul and praise like Paul.

But Paul is not saying to copy him. That's the interpretation of Satan the perverter.

Paul is saying, "Imitate my absolute dependence upon the living God."

He also wrote, "I also count all things loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them as rubbish, that I may gain Christ; . . . that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection . . ." (Philippians 3:8-10, NKJ). Until you have been conformed to His death you will never know resurrection power. You will only know an imitation lifestyle where there is no power, only talk.

Another reason we do not see a greater release of God's healing power is that, like the children of Israel enroute to the promised land, we are unwilling to go all the way with God.

The tragedy is that some of these

great spiritual movements are initiated by a revelation of God's manifestation of Himself, but then men began to tabernacle around an experience, a man, or a truth. Once you pause to bow before a truth you are no longer bowing before *the* Truth. Your truth becomes something you boast in and camp around until it becomes a point of dissension.

These become idols. We go around having to carry what we have built. The power and the glory of the former days are diminished. Like the world, we move in the flesh to keep our idols from toppling over. Someone says, "Come on, folk, let's keep this thing together. Let's act more like each other. Let's get a leader up here so that we will get a little more fired up. Let's get some good-looking flesh—someone who is head and shoulders above everybody else."

Folks, we *have* a Leader who is head and shoulders above everyone—Jesus. If you tabernacle around anyone else you will not be moving forward with Him. And it's in His presence alone that healing takes place.

Even in His presence there are hindrances to healing. We read that in His hometown, ". . . he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief" (Matthew 13:58). You don't drive out unbelief by just preaching. There must be a release of the anointing, of the work of the Holy Spirit, to make the Word come alive so that you see Jesus in the Scriptures as the all-sufficient living Lord.

Referring to his nation, the prophet Jeremiah asked the rhetorical question, "Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"



One of the hindrances to the healing of the nation was their lifestyle. He charges, "for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men. And they bend their tongues like their bow for lies: but they are not valiant to the truth upon the earth; for they proceed from evil to evil, and they know not me, saith the Lord" (Jeremiah 9:2-3).

## Frequently the absence of holiness clogs the channel of God's healing power

Do you see the parallel to the lifestyle of professed Christians today? Too often we proceed from affair to affair, divorce to divorce, fear to fear, fight to fight. Check the fruit of our lives and you will see that frequently the absence of holiness clogs the channel of God's healing power. James said, "Let no double-minded man think he receives anything of the Lord."

Folks, stay out of James 5 until you start living the four preceding chapters.

God is dropping His mercy drops on us. We are getting some sprinkles. It's beginning to rain, but ever so gently. But we are not going to see the release of God's healing power in the measure He desires until we become as concerned about the Body of Christ being healed as we are in seeing our own bodies healed.

His Body has been desecrated by our unholy attitudes toward one another. It's more mangled than it was on the Cross. We can be having a good time praising God while the Body of Christ out there is hurting. O God, how it hurts! The Baptist part hurts. The Pentecostal part hurts. The Methodist part hurts. God the Father is concerned about the Body—and gave His Son for it.

Jesus said, "This is how the world will know that you are My disciples: because you love one another. We pray that we might be one, that the world might believe." We are confronted with a choice. Like the Israelites of old, we can tabernacle in our divided camps, or we can move closer to Jesus and to one another and be part of the healing of His body.

We can, like the Apostle Paul, covet more than anything else to know Him, the fellowship of His sufferings and the power of His resurrection. God responded in Paul's ministry with healings and miracles and the Word grew mightily and prevailed.

It was no longer the permitted Word, it was no longer the promoted Word, it was no longer the perverted Word.

It was the prevailing Word.

The prevailing Word is the performing Word. And when the Word dwells in us as He did in Paul, we are going to see an atmosphere of love and truth. Dew will form and the rain will fall. There will be a tremendous outpouring of God's healing power. □

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If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



## beyond the first drink

Jack Causey, Tuscaloosa, Alabama

**I** wanted life on a silver platter. That's what I remember most about my growing up. I wanted things the easy way. I wanted to be popular and run with the well-known crowd, with no time for school work or anything else that would build a good foundation for the future.

In Greensboro, Alabama in my youth, my mother took me to church every Sunday, but I don't remember ever being aware of the Holy Spirit dealing with my heart.

While serving as an officer of my

youth group at church in my teens, I also began to drink—something that would haunt me for many, many years. My life was a contrast: drunk on Saturday night; reading the Scriptures in church on Sunday morning; saying prayers that went nowhere.

After a brief stint in the Navy, nursing a rare bone disease of the hip, and attending three semesters of accounting courses at Alabama College in Montevallo, I decided to get down to the real business of getting out in the world, making lots of money and having fun.



Like so many others, I was sure it would make me happy.

My first job (in 1962) was in the finance world, as an outside collector. The drinking habit that began with school buddies now became more serious; the social life that surrounded me encouraged it.

The resultant foolish behavior embarrassed me, and I would change jobs in an attempt to start fresh, some place where I wasn't known for my drinking.

Then I was arrested for driving under the influence of alcohol in my hometown of Huntsville and found myself in the "drunk tank" with other drunks. I sobered the minute they locked the door. One of my cellmates said to me, "Aw, you'll get used to it." But something within me said, "No, not me!" Although this embarrassment was not publicly known at the time, it really scared me. But I kept going the same way as before.

After several years of moving all around the state of Alabama to work as loan officer of various finance companies, I finally settled in Tuscaloosa in 1968. My first week on a job with the local bank, the executive vice-president told me that if I wanted to be a good banker I'd need to learn to drink whiskey and coffee. I thought, *Now if I can just learn to drink the coffee, I'll have it made. . . .*

I joined a local club, which triggered my drunkenness again. Many days I would call in sick or come to work nearly incoherent. My life and career were going nowhere, and I had some kind of rationale that management was to blame instead of my own problems.

To top that off, that same executive vice-president called me into his office to

tell me that if I didn't start coming to work regularly he was going to fire me. Imagine that; after two years of learning to drink "coffee," too.

This alarmed me enough that by my own will power I managed to stop drinking during the week, but as soon as closing time Friday came I couldn't wait to start again. Once I took that first sip I couldn't stop till I was inebriated. I was also getting deeper and deeper in debt as the lust for worldly things took over my reasoning and control.

Then a dramatic event caused an about-face:

Like the typical teenager of my day, I had grown up liking Pat Boone. On February 14, 1971 I went to a local theater to

## Once I took that first sip I couldn't stop

see what I thought was an old, typical Pat Boone movie. But God, in His love, had set me up! The movie was "The Cross and the Switchblade."

As soon as the film began, the Holy Spirit began to convict me of God's love. I lost track of the movie entirely and didn't even know what it was about. Right there in the theater, after not going to church for eleven years, I saw a vision of Jesus. He spoke to me: "Jack, I love you! I love you just like you are. You don't have to make any changes. I'll make all the changes in you."

That's all I can remember about the theater that day.

The Holy Spirit continued to draw me that night at home. I began to confess my problems aloud: "Lord, I don't want

help with these—I want You to remove them!”

All of a sudden a wonderful joy swept through my whole being. Lust, drinking, profanity—they all fell away and I knew they were gone for good.

I raised my arms and my voice and praised God, thanking Him for delivering me. The church I had grown up in had been very orderly in its worship, and I had never seen this kind of praise. It came from the Holy Spirit, bringing out a new creature for whom praise was natural.

I joined a church of the same denomination in which I grew up and began working there with the young people. I was really “turned on” for Jesus; the youth picked up on this. But it was more than the pastor could take. He suggested I attend somewhere else.

I started going to a country Baptist church that was really alive. I was baptized in water there, and when the pastor preached on the Holy Spirit baptism and gave an invitation to receive it I said, “God, if You want me to go, let me know.” My hands gripped the back of the pew in front of me so tightly that it’s a wonder I didn’t take the whole thing with me. The next thing I remember, I was down front, hands being laid on me and praying in tongues. It was fantastic.

Then things really began to happen.

One night in a restaurant I was introduced to a wonderful young lady. The Lord spoke to my heart that this was who I would marry. Three months later in June, 1973, Brenda and I were married. Somewhere in between she too got baptized in the Holy Spirit.



*Brenda and I felt that our family should model loving relationships to abused and abandoned boys.*





People at work were seeing a remarkable change in me. During the next four years after my salvation, raises kept coming without my ever asking. I was promoted to head of my department, then to an officer of the bank. God blessed me greatly as an installment loan officer and allowed me to counsel with customers right there at my desk.

As I became involved with Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship I gave *Voice* magazines to my customers. When I helped to start a chapter in my town, we held our meetings at the bank.

In June, 1975 the Lord spoke to Brenda and me to leave our jobs and go into fulltime work with L.O.V.E. Boys' Home, a Christian home for neglected and abused boys. There was no salary; the work was supported by gifts. The bank president understood that I was going where the Lord wanted me, but warned that the bank had a policy of not rehiring.

After we spent a year acting as houseparents, new state regulations required a social worker for the home. Brenda had been a social worker and took the job, while I helped with accounting. But the new regulations also required that a social worker could not be a houseparent. I began to see the Lord closing this particular avenue of ministry to us.

After prayer, the Lord brought a new set of houseparents. That very afternoon my former employer contacted me to say that the bank was opening up a new branch in the town where we now lived. Would I be interested in managing it at a higher salary than I had earned before?

After earnestly praying about it, we accepted this perfect timing from God.

Just like my salvation experience, I'm sure that God set this up, too. Now I order bundles of *Voice* magazines and keep them in the lobby and on my desk for customers of the bank.

Looking back over my life, I'm impressed with the perfect timing of God. As you can see, since I gave Him control of my life He has opened and closed doors and brought people into my life, always at the right time. How reassuring to know that God is in control!

If you have not yet placed your life in His hands, this is God's time for you. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (II Corinthians 6:2). □



*Jack B. Causey is assistant vice-president and manager of the Brookwood Branch, First Alabama Bank of Tuscaloosa. He helped to initiate a fire and ambulance service for his small community of Brookwood, and is past president and current treasurer of the Tuscaloosa Chapter of FGBMFI. He and his wife Brenda are members of New Covenant Church in Tuscaloosa, and have three sons: Matthew, 7; Aaron, 5; and Adam, 3.*



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## Our Mission Statement

- To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- To call men back to God
- To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
- To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission
- To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
- To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

## Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

- I. Worldwide Outreach—  
Chapters in every nation
- II. International Membership—  
A membership of one million
- III. Chapters—  
40,000 chapters

## THE CLOWN CRIED (from page 7)

The cross-country trip was an ordeal. I had never ridden more than ten miles in my life and was not in condition, but I finished in fifty-five days. The media coverage along the way was reasonably good for an unknown ministry, but the expected welcome at the United Nations Building was nonexistent. Since the funds were not for UNICEF, no one from the United Nations was interested. Nor was there anyone from my family, except my wife, there to greet me.

I asked at my Mom's house, "Why didn't you come to the UN Building to greet me? I rode 3,500 miles across this nation."

"Who were you doing it for?" she asked.

I knew that if I said it was for Jesus it would upset her so I answered, "For Joy

International, for the children."

She led me into the bedroom where my father was and continued the conversation. "What does the *Joy* stand for?" she asked.

Each letter in the word has a meaning. The "J" stands for *Jesus*, "O" for *others* and "Y" for *you*, but I didn't know that she knew that.

"Doesn't *Joy* stand for *Jesus*?" she asked me pointblank.

"Yes," I confessed.

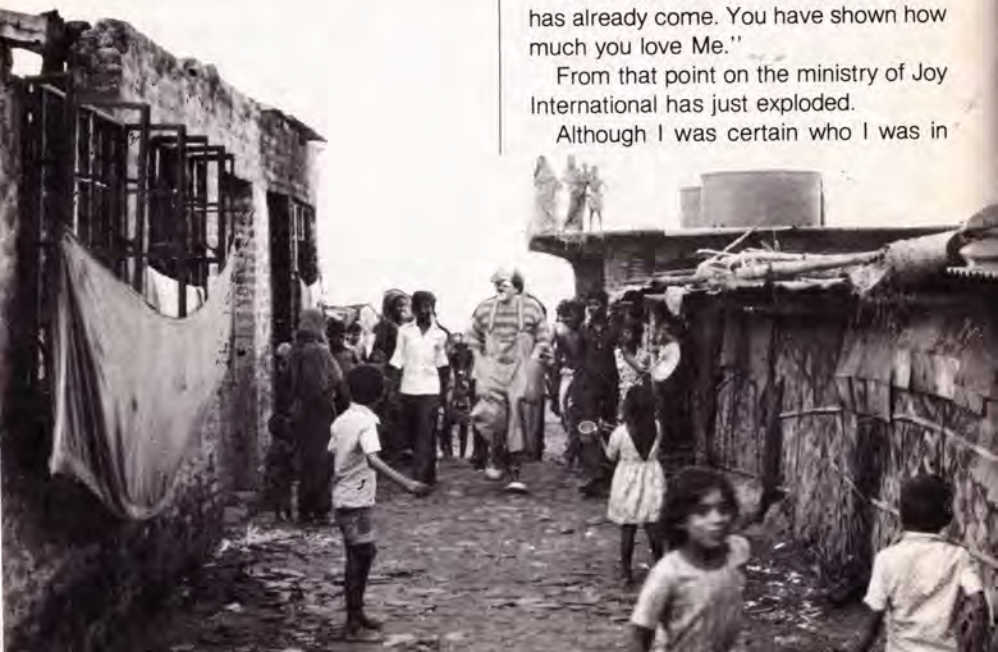
"That's why I didn't come," she declared. "Jeff, I buried one son from cancer; don't make me bury another because of *Jesus Christ*. . ."

Later as I prepared to fly back to Phoenix, alone in the bathroom I cried out, "Lord, I don't understand. I rode these 3,500 miles for *You*. You heard my mother. Where's the good coming out of this?"

Within me I heard Him say, "The good has already come. You have shown how much you love *Me*."

From that point on the ministry of *Joy International* has just exploded.

Although I was certain who I was in





Christ, had been baptized in the Holy Spirit and was confident of my calling, I was uncertain as to my spiritual gifts and had never seen a miracle. That was to change on a trip to Pakistan and India in 1983.

I was traveling with Dr. Harvey Lifsey of Christian Dynamics, Dr. Ed Murphy of Biola University and Rev. Ed Delph of Phoenix. It was a five-hour drive from the Lahore airport to Gojra. Enroute, the other men had been relating thrilling accounts of miracles that they had witnessed. About 11:00 P.M. we had a flat tire and pulled into the next village for repairs. While we waited for the tire to be fixed about fifty to seventy-five people who had been sleeping outside in their rope beds gathered out of curiosity.

I noticed a young cripple who walked on his hands with his legs folded in an Indian squatting position as he swung along. Possibly it was the stories of miracles I had just heard, but for whatever reason I asked, "Dr. Lifsey, isn't it possible that God arranged for us to stop here just to pray for this young man?"

"Yes," he responded matter-of-factly. We laid hands on him and prayed. Immediately he stood and walked. Through Bishop Mirza, our host in Pakistan, we learned that this eighteen-year-old boy had never walked in his life. The miracle provided the opportunity to share the Gospel with the villagers before traveling on.

In India Dr. Lifsey became so ill with malaria that Dr. Murphy had to take him back to the States. Pastor Ed Delph and I were left to substitute on the program. The four hundred pastors and lay leaders were disappointed.

I had the first session and was extremely nervous. After making my presentation as Snuggles, I took off my makeup and costume and, although I had no intention of giving the invitation (after all they were pastors and I was a clown), the Holy Spirit spoke so clearly that I had to.

I did not know that, just as a son might follow his father in the family business, many of these men were born into a caste system where pastors' sons quite naturally grew up to be pastors, even though they may never have had a personal experience with Jesus.

After giving the invitation I closed my eyes and breathed a prayer: "Lord, please confirm that this is of You by having one person raise his hand."

I opened my eyes to see almost two hundred accepting Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

In saving these precious souls, God also answered my prayer of eight years, revealing that He had given me the gift of evangelism. I have never closed a presentation since without extending an invitation.

The verse that gave birth to Joy International is John 15:11: "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy may be full." This verse has more meaning now than ever before. There is no greater joy than to know Jesus, to be what He wants you to be, and to do what He wants you to do. □

*Jeff Brodsky and his wife Gail have three children: Brent, 14; Jennifer, 8; and Lance, 5. They are members of Northwest Community Church in Phoenix. Mr. Brodsky is a new member of the Phoenix Chapter of FGBMFI.*



*1. International Director Ron Svenhard invites audience response. 2. Crowds at Oakland Convention Center increased to nearly 4,000. 3. Woman in Joe Poppell's healing service leaves her wheelchair. 4. Dr. Paul Yonggi Cho ministers. 5. Col. Heath Bottomly testifies at men's luncheon.*

## THE LITTLE CONVENTION THAT GREW

Last year, plans for the Greater Bay Area Regional Convention had to be scrapped. The hotel where it had been held for several years was being remodeled. Plan B was devised and mini-conventions were held in three different cities.

Prices quoted this year for a convention in the now-remodeled hotel seemed exorbitant, so FGBMFI leaders concluded that it might be wise to hold a small convention and keep expenses at a minimum.

God had a better idea. He impressed International Director Ronnie Svenhard that Dr. Paul Yonggi Cho should be invited. Dr. Cho is pastor of Full Gospel Central Church, Seoul, Korea, the largest church in the world, with 385,000 members.

The 1984 convention became the largest and the most expensive ever. A crusade in the Oakland Convention Center attracted crowds upward of 4,000, around 100 making decisions for Christ each night, with many receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Crowds at Joe Poppell's afternoon healing services became so large it was necessary to move at the last minute from the hotel to the Convention Center. Many were healed in these sessions and at crusade services.

God honored the faith of the leadership by supplying funds to meet the \$50,000 budget. Praise God! □



# CONVENTIONS

## **ABILENE/ANGELO REGIONAL**

**May 31-June 2, 1984**

Abilene Civic Center  
Write: Mr. Jack Yates  
318 BOC Bldg.  
Abilene, TX 79605

## **CAROLINA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**June 1-3, 1984**

Camp Lurecrest, Lake Lure  
Write: Mr. W. Reidy Lawing  
Box 9027, Charlotte, NC 28299

## **CENTRAL CALIFORNIA ADVANCE**

**June 1-3, 1984**

Camp Sugar Pine, Oakhurst  
Write: L. Dean Whitlow, D.D.S.  
2115 Merced St., Fresno, CA 93721

## **FOURTH SOUTHWEST**

### **WASHINGTON MEN'S CAMP**

**June 1-3, 1984**

Black Lake Bible Campgrounds  
Olympia  
Write: Mr. Jim Dermanoski  
3218 Hoffman Rd.  
Olympia, WA 98502

## **ONTARIO/QUEBEC MEN'S ADVANCE**

**June 1-3, 1984**

Peterborough Trent University  
Write: Mr. J. McEwan  
R.R. 1 Hampton, Newcastle  
Ontario, Canada L0B 1S0

## **SECOND ANNUAL JACKSON REGIONAL**

**June 6-9, 1984**

Executive Inn Riverfront  
Paducah  
Write: Mr. Robert Shelley  
3000 Mississippi St.  
Paducah, KY 42001

## **EMPIRE STATE MEN'S ADVANCE**

**June 8-10, 1984**

Silver Bay Conference Ctr.  
Write: Mr. Fred Lawrence  
Box 206  
Homer, NY 13077

## **KEYSTONE MEN'S ADVANCE**

**June 8-10, 1984**

Messiah College  
Write: Mr. R. A. Pugliese  
44 S. Second St.  
Steelton, PA 17027

## **IOWA STATE REGIONAL**

**June 14-16, 1984**

Howard Johnson Motel  
Des Moines  
Write: FGBMFI  
Des Moines, IA 50322

## **TAHOE RALLY**

**June 15-16, 1984**

Cal/Neva Lodge  
N. Lake Tahoe  
Write: Mr. Dick Young  
1205 Industrial Way  
Sparks, NV 89431

## **GEORGIA STATE**

**June 21-23, 1984**

Marriott Hotel, Atlanta  
Write: Mr. Lynwood Maddox  
3490 Emperor Way  
Tucker, GA 30084

**Conventions published in this issue  
were approved on or before  
February 15, 1984.**

## **31ST ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION**

**July 3-7, 1984**

Anaheim, California Conv. Ctr.  
Write: FGBMFI World Convention  
Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

## **MARYLAND STATE**

**July 19-21, 1984**

Mt. St. Mary's College  
Emmitsburg  
Write: Mr. Charles Hoffman  
17 Severn River Rd.  
Severna Park, MD 21146

## **NIAGARA FALLS REGIONAL**

**July 26-28, 1984**

Sheraton Brock Hotel  
Niagara Falls  
Write: Mr. Lynn Morris  
Five Blue Spruce  
St. Catharines  
Ontario, Canada L2N 4E6

## **SYRACUSE REGIONAL**

**July 26-28, 1984**

Syracuse Square Hotels  
Write: FGBMFI  
4415 Cindy Lane  
Syracuse, NY 13215

## **Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach**

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. The president's name and telephone number are included in this list for your information. Write for information regarding the date and location of a chapter meeting in your area.

**CANADA:** Orleans Chapter, Ron Lysell (613) 837-3134. **UNITED KINGDOM:** WALES: Mold Chapter, David Royce Edwards 0978-352157. **UNITED STATES:** CALIFORNIA: Westside Chapter, Thomas Wright (213) 836-7489. **TEXAS:** Seagraves Chapter, Doyle Newcomb (806) 546-2630. **VERMONT:** Randolph Area Chapter, Kenneth A. Smith (no phone).

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## INNER HEALING

Man looks on the outward appearance while God looks upon the heart. We camouflage our inner hurts. The facade we erect hides the hollowness within.

Evangelist James Robison's inner turbulence was unseen by the thousands who heard him preach. Football star Greg Brezina seemed only to have grasped the golden ring, and Snuggles the Clown was truly a Pagliacci: laughing on the outside, crying on the inside.

If the testimonies of these men have spoken to your heart, why not open yourself right now to Jesus? He knows all about you and loves you. He cares, and He alone can give you peace. Let the Six Steps to Salvation help you put your life in His hands.

## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.

**1. ACKNOWLEDGE:** "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13).

**2. REPENT:** "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19).

**3. CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10:9).

**4. FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord . . . for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).

**5. BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world,

that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

**6. RECEIVE:** "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11,12).

### Why not make your eternal decision now:

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International  
World Laymen's Headquarters, Costa Mesa, CA



**FULL GOSPEL  
BUSINESS  
MEN'S**

# VOICE

Volume 32, Number 6, June, 1984 P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628 (714) 754-1400

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## **WHO ARE WE?**

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian, an Armenian dairy farmer, to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision in which he saw the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere in the world being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 83 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write Chapter Department, FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



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July 3-7, 1984, Anaheim, CA

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